

Good Morning 592

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of the Office of Admiral (Submarines)

Joke's on
You, Sto.
Ron Bell



STUART MARTIN writes of the Whittaker Wright Crash Case of the Bogus Assets

HIS name stands high on the list of men who have been convicted of fraud. I do not know of any man who gave such an impression of rugged force, mental as well as physical, as he stood in the court. I do not know of any man who, faced with prison, escaped the clutch of the law so stoically. The story of the trial of Whittaker Wright is something of an epic tragedy. But you'll read for yourself.

He was a North Countryman, his speech always had the burr. After spending ten years in America he returned to London, having made £200,000 on the New York Stock Exchange. This was not all gained by sheer speculation. Wright had an expert's knowledge of mining chemistry, and he was an assayer.

When he came to London he had big schemes. He floated company after company, the capitalisation of which amounted to many millions sterling. He became known in the City as "W.W.," no longer Mr. Whittaker Wright. Somehow, as "W.W." he was better known, more affectionately

known, to those who made money with him.

I won't go into the financial details. I will give you an idea of his personal life, and from that you can make your own conclusions. He wore all the trappings of high success.

He had a house in Park Lane. He had a country seat at Lea Park, Godalming. He had a racing yacht, the "Sybarite," which defeated the late Kaiser's champion "Meteor." His houses were furnished with choice Louis XV and Louis XVI furniture. In the drawing-room at Park Lane he had made, at great expense, a replica of the Cabinet des Rois of Louis XV, the original of which was in the Louvre.

Lea Park House was magnificent. In the grounds there were fishing ponds. There was a billiard-room underneath the lake. He had a marble statue group imported from Italy specially for a fountain. He constantly had armies of workmen on or about the premises, carrying out more and ever newer labours.

If a hill or a valley did not please him he had them re-

moved. He changed the face of the land.

He had stables that were more grand than any belonging to kings. The stables held fifty horses. The ceilings of the stables were in moulded plaster, showing, in deep relief, the scenes of the chase. Each horse had a separate picture over its stall, and the pictures told the story of the hunt from beginning to end.

Behind the horses he installed old-oak settees upholstered in beautiful leather, so that one could recline and look at the animals and the fittings. The fittings of the entire stables were of polished gunmetal.

So you can see that business was booming, that shares and companies were doing fine. Was there any rift in the lute? Was there any disharmony in all this? Not that one could see. But there was, all the same.

The first signs came with unexpected suddenness, when on December 29th, 1900, one of his companies failed to meet its obligations. The shares of others were affected and fell. Crash after crash, the failure of each bringing down others far and wide. It was like a row of bricks all going down.

Thirty members of the Stock Exchange were "hammered" in one day in a single transaction. Panic followed. Then came indignation. Then cries for investigation. If "W.W." could not pull the things together there were twenty thousand stockbrokers who wanted to know the reason why.

The ultimate result was that "W.W." was charged under Sections 83 and 84 of the Larceny Act with publishing balance sheets in the knowledge of their falsity and with intent to defraud and deceive shareholders.

In a word, his method was to create bogus assets, making a transference of them from one company to another. In reality, nothing at all changed hands, for when he made a big transference of assets of one company to show its soundness, he then transferred these same assets back to show the soundness of the other!

It was a difficult case in which to prosecute. The Director of Public Prosecutions did not act, and it was the urge of a number of brokers who had suffered that brought the case out. They applied to Mr. Justice Buckley, the Chancery Judge, and asked him to sanction a prosecution. He sanctioned it.

But "W.W." was by this time in U.S.A.—he had travelled there under an assumed name—and it was some time before he was brought back. It took three years before the trial came on, in January, 1904.

Here again I must point out something. The case was heard in the King's Bench Division, not at the Old Bailey, so "W.W." did not appear in the dock, but like an ordinary civil litigant in the well of the court. This made all the difference to the finale.

Rufus Isaacs (later Lord Reading) had the task of bringing home the charges, of which there were twenty-six counts in the indictment, and he admitted that it was as complex a case as he had ever handled.

And there, waiting to be examined and tested, sat "W.W.," a massive figure in flowing frock-coat, high white collar, and imperial beard; calm, collected, still masterful.

It was a fight with figures, and there was a long duel between Rufus Isaacs and the financier; but as the duel progressed it was obvious that the financier was losing ground. He had to admit juggling with balance sheets, he excused himself here and there as "having forgotten," as having made a "slip" now and then. He was doing his best to cover up the frauds.

The trial lasted for twelve days when Rufus Isaacs reached the climax; and during that examination "W.W." changed from a bluff man of

USELESS EUSTACE



"I'm not suggesting anything! I merely said from the look of this letter it seemed James Watt wasn't the only one to discover the power of steam!"

ready wit and tongue to one who stammers, stumbles, and finally falls before the siege.

"Mr. Whittaker Wright," said Mr. Justice Bigham, in passing sentence, "I confess I see nothing that in any way excuses the crime of which you have been found guilty, and I cannot conceive a worse case than yours. . . . I have no option except to visit you with the severest punishment which

'AS IT LEAVES ME AT PRESENT'

ONE of the minor complaints of the folks at home is that letters arrive from the Forces at very infrequent intervals. Sometimes the complaint is voiced by the other quarter that the family slack in their correspondence. Who likes letter-writing, anyway?

SGT. CHARLES MILLER, of Coffeyville, Kansas, complained that all the letters he got were so short.

So his friends wrote him one on adding machine tape that ran 287 feet long. It took Miller 75 minutes to read it and 20 minutes to roll it up again.

How about it, sailor?

THERE'S a big welcome waiting for you at 63 Hove Avenue, Walthamstow, E.17, Stoker Ron Bell, and all the family will be there to greet you when you return.

Do you remember when you were sixteen, Ron? Well, young David has now reached that mature age, and although he is so small that he has to take his birth certificate with him when he wants to get into the pictures, he has already started smoking a pipe. We weren't told what the result was, but we expect he met it manfully.

Your sister Edna is very well, and young Geoff. is growing up quickly. He can now walk quite a distance, and climbs on to his rocking-horse without aid.

Gran is keeping well, and Tony asked us to let you know that he liked the sailor's suit you sent him. As you will see, sister Jac is keeping well, and we are told she still writes to all the Forces bar her brother in the Submarine Service!

Albert and Til are setting up drinks for you at the Ringwood Castle, and Sis is keeping some under the counter.

You will be pleased to know that Peggy gets along to see your folk most weeks, and also that your friends, Jim and Dickey Curd were due for leave from France very shortly after our visit.

Jac asked us to let you know that she received your photos, and added that she "likes your legs." First time we've heard of a submariner going in for leg-art! You'll soon be a pin-up!

You might tell Nobby Clark that Jac recently went over to Edmonton and found his mother in the best of health. We are sure she would wish to join your family in sending greetings to you, Ron.

the Act permits, and that is to go to penal servitude for seven years.

"W.W." had entered the court, even on that last morning, looking confident of acquittal. As the time passed between the jury finding their verdict and the delivery of the sentence, a most amazing change came over him.

He seemed to shrink. His full face became ashen, his jaws sagged. He was a man growing old and feeble within an hour or two. Every minute was a year to him.

He stood up. "My lord," he said, with increasing violence as he spoke, "I am as innocent as any person in this court of any intention to deceive or defraud the shareholders. And that is all I have to say."

The last sentence was uttered in a shout of defiance.

The tipstaff touched him on the shoulder. He went out with one or two of his supporters to the room which he had used during the trial. One of these who accompanied him was Morten, the chief accountant of one of his companies. The door was locked on them.

"W.W." spoke to his friends. "I thank you for all you have done."

He moved about the room restlessly, waving them to remain seated, although he kept on his feet, moving to and fro.

"Morten," he said at last, "give me a cigar."

The accountant handed one over.

"W.W." took it, bit the end, lifted a lighted match; but he never drew a puff.

Something within him struck at him. He dropped the cigar. His face, which had been pale, went very dark. He dropped beside the cigar.

They rushed to the door and called assistance. A doctor was sent for. When he came he knelt down, then rose quickly.

"He is dead."

It was suicide. How had he done it? They found, after examination, that a spot at the back of his tongue was terribly corroded. That was the action of cyanide of potassium. "W.W." had placed the

tablet in his mouth, kept it there ready to swallow if found guilty, and had swallowed it.

He had done more than that. His determination to defeat the law was no sudden resolve. Inside his coat they found also a revolver of six chambers, all fully loaded.

Had he been tried at the Old Bailey he would never have had a chance, because he would have been searched. But they don't search them at the King's Bench in the Strand.

Some still say he was a "bad man." Some still think he was not so bad. I give no opinion. I tell you the story of his crime.

But come with me a few days later down to a village in Surrey, a wet and windy day, a wintry day, and watch as his coffin is borne to the grave; a grave of hopes indeed.

Villagers came to mourn. They stood there, bare-headed in the wet and wind and cold. They knew him as a man of great wealth, as a man of great generosity, kindness and humanity.

They knew nothing of financial corporations. They were simple folk down there. Simple folk judge, too. Many were weeping as they stood in the cold and wet and wind.

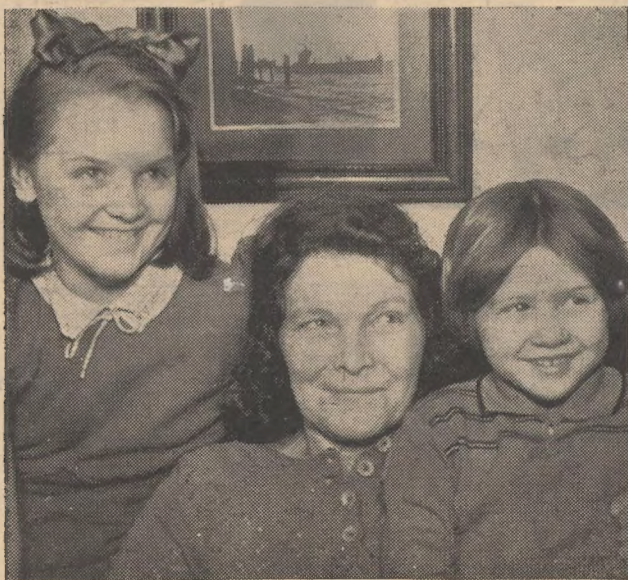
Raspberries
are our
favourite
fruit.

So write and tell us
what you really think
about

"GOOD MORNING"

LETTERS TO:—
"Good Morning,"
c/o Press Division, Admiralty,
London, S.W.1.

"Here's a Health," Gunner Charlie Hookings



YOUR Mother hoped you were able to drink her health on her fiftieth birthday, Gunner Charlie Hookings, and in case you weren't, she will have one waiting for you at the "Auckland" next time you get home to 74, Beaufort Road, Battersea, S.W.11.

We found her in the best of health and busy looking after your sister Lily and her young friend Joyce.

We were sorry we weren't able to meet your Father, Charlie, but as you will see from the photograph, we had a look at the picture of his old boat, H.23, aground at Point in the last war. Your father is still keeping busy, and he was recently joined at work by your young brother Ronnie. Brother Reggie recently

went abroad, and it looks as though yet another member of the family is carrying on tradition in the Navy.

Do you remember your old friend Cliff? He recently returned from six years' service abroad, and heard it told in the "Auckland" that you had been seen in that tavern. Of course, he went round to see you, but by that time your leave was over. Any way, Charlie, Cliff wishes to be remembered to you and sends greetings.

Your mother reports that she hasn't seen Nutty for some time, but she says that Florrie is in the best of health and is waiting for news.

From your family and from all at the club come best wishes for your health, Charlie, and their hopes for your quick return.

Remember "Mr. Deeds Comes to Town"? ... Remember "John Doe Goes to Washington"? ... Remember "You Can't Take it with You"? These were three films that made you laugh. They had the "homey" touch that only a great director can impart. Well, here's another made by the same master hand—Frank Capra's—and it's going to roll you in the aisle.

THE HILARIOUS HAPPENINGS

It is Hallow'een—the day of crazy events and things that go bump in the night. Mortimer Brewster arrives home with a bride, Elaine Harper, the girl next door. The house is occupied by his two maiden aunts and a crazy cousin, who believes he is Teddy Roosevelt. Outside a notice offers a room to rent.

The aunts want the newly-weds to stay for a meal. While they prepare the feast Mortimer discovers a body in the window seat. He tries to keep the news from his gentle, kindly aunts. But don't worry, the aunts know all about it! It's a Methodist. Aunt Abby did it all by herself when Aunt Martha was out shopping. Later Teddy will go down into the cellar, where he thinks he is completing the Panama Canal, and dig a grave. He thinks the Methodist is a yellow fever victim. You see there are eleven other bodies in the cellar!

Do the aunts mean to say that they have killed twelve men and Teddy has buried them in the cellar? Why, yes, they tell him, the lonely old men who come to rent the room. Just a touch of arsenic, a soupcon of strychnine, a modicum of cyanide in elderberry wine, and a blessed relief for the poor victim.

Two sinister shadows next appear in the doorway. Brother Jonathan and his friend, Dr. Einstein. Jonathan is a murderer, too, come for shelter while his doctor friend performs a feat of plastic surgery and gives him a new face. They have the body of their latest victim in the car.

Then things move fast. Dr. Einstein discovers the bodies in the cellar. Jonathan is jealous that he has only killed as many victims as the aunts. He determines to make brother Mortimer his next.

Hilarious comedy and next crime now pile fast on top of each other until the aunts say they are willing to go to the mental home as they can't be separated from Teddy. Before they go they have a confession to make—Mortimer is not a Brewster. He is an orphan they brought up. Mortimer carries his bride off for the belated honeymoon.

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE



Mortimer (Cary Grant) discovers the body of the Methodist in the window seat. Aunt Abby's kindly heart could not bear to see him suffering all alone in the world—so she bumped him off out of kindness!



Aunt Abby and Aunt Harriet overhear Mortimer arranging with a friendly judge to have the crazy cousin put away for safe keeping. They gently explain that it's not "Teddy Roosevelt" but they who commit the murders.



Elaine (Priscilla Lane) surprises brother Jonathan and the crooked Dr. Einstein (Peter Lorre) attempting to dispose of their body! Mortimer comes to the rescue and sends his bride-of-a-day home. It's safer—but what a honeymoon!



Jonathan (Raymond Massey) learns of his aunts' twelve victims in the cellar and is jealous because he has only matched their score. He determines to make Mortimer his next and thus win the game and rubber!



The aunts cannot face separation from "Teddy Roosevelt," and when the attendants arrive to escort that bugle-blowing warrior to the looney-bin, they volunteer to go with him. But first they tell Mortimer the great secret—he's not really one of the mad Brewsters at all.



The fade-out. Well, what would you do chums? They decide to get on with the delayed honeymoon—pronto. Which is exactly what any right-thinking young man would do, seeing that Priscilla Lane is the party in question.

I get around

RON RICHARDS'

COLUMN



THREE ex-pitboys were among award recipients in the recent Honours List.

Sam Garland puffs his pipe in the barlike atmosphere of Welsh Miners' Council Chamber. Sawdust spittoons dapple the floor, and even by day, through the smoke haze, electric lights glitter through stained glass windows depicting the pithead and miner's lamp crest of the "Fighting Federation."

All his life he has been a working miner, since fifty-odd years ago, when he went underground for 2s. 6d. a day. Since then he has become a J.P., County Councillor, and for fifty years has been a preacher. He is known at every little Bethel in the Monmouthshire valleys.



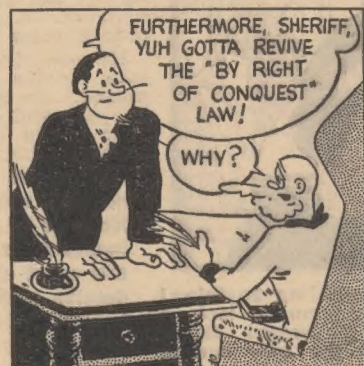
SAME day, an M.B.E. came to Thomas John, now 76, and who has just retired after being an official of the Federation for 51 years. All that time he had been a check-weigher. He was one of the pioneers of the Federation; it is called the Sixpenny Wonder in Wales, for that is the weekly subscription which gives the working miner the finest trade union and legal protection in the land. By the way, the Federation, which had £300,000 in its coffers, had to hand over all but £100,000 to the new Union. They haven't decided what to do with that nest egg.



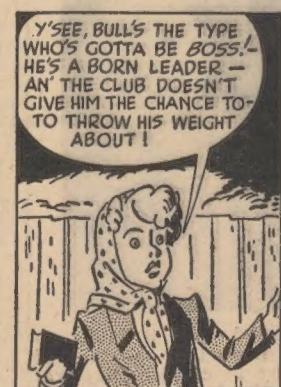
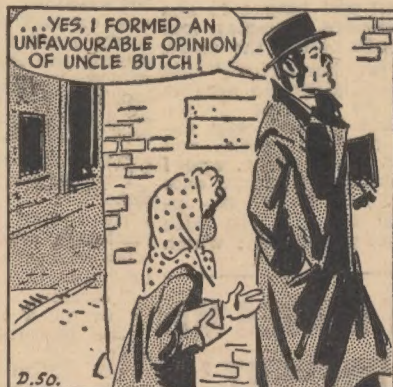
HONOUR No. 3—an O.B.E. this time —went to Aid. John Evans, secretary of Coegnant Miners' Lodge. He worked underground for 18 years before having the secretary's job. When 30 he won a scholarship to Ruskin College, Oxford, since when he has been a leading light on the Glamorgan County Council. During the war he has been chairman of the County A.R.P. Committee and has done a fine job of work.

All three started life in the same way—opening doors for coal trams to pass in the pits.

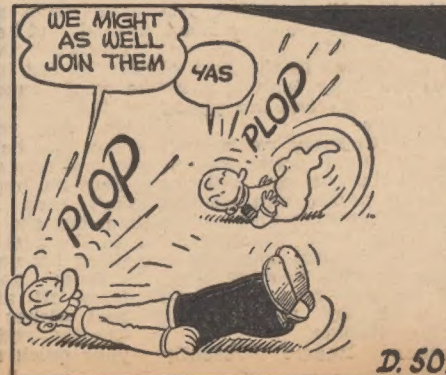
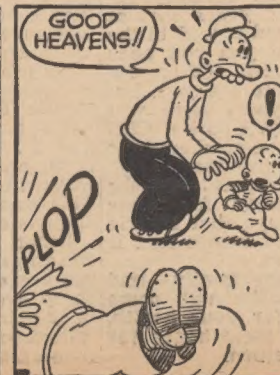
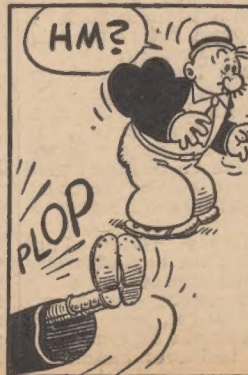
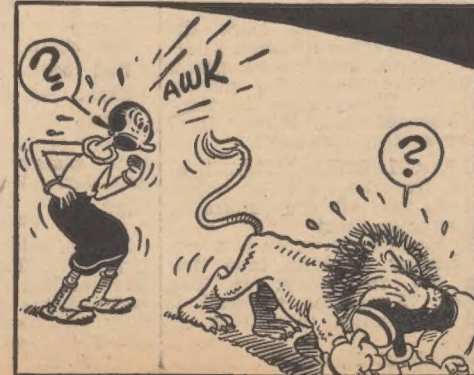
BEELZEBUB JONES



BELINDA



POPEYE



D. 50.

WANGLING WORDS—531

1. Insert consonants in A**O*E*A and O**IU**U* and get two important constellations.
2. Here are two French towns whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?
GRUBOYL — SNORECH.
3. If "platform" is the "form" of railways, what is the form of (a) Comedians, (b) Arrangement?

Answers to Wangling Words—No. 530

- 1. CAPRICORN, SAGITTARIUS.
- 2. OLDHAM—BRADFORD.
- 3. (a) Antelope (or ant-eater), (b) Mendicant.

JANE



The First Flight—Five People Came to Watch

"HOW IT BEGAN" By T. S. DOUGLAS—No. 2

ON December 17th, 1903, Wilbur and Orville Wright flew twice each in their plane, Kitty Hawk, the fourth flight lasting one second short of a minute and covering 852 feet. These were the first flights made in a heavier-than-air flying machine, flights that heralded a world revolution in transport. Five people watched the flights, not because the Wrights worked in secrecy; on the contrary, they had sent out invitations to watch their attempts to fly. But only five people thought it was worth braving the boisterous weather at Kill Devil Sandhills, North Carolina, to watch the antics of a couple of ex-bicycle repairers who obviously knew nothing of the complex science of aeronautics, since they had not even been to college. When it was all over and

history had been made, the Wrights stored away their machine, which had been damaged on its last landing, and went home. There were no cheers, no headlines in the newspapers. The plain fact is that no one would believe that Men had flown. No newspaper reporter had troubled to turn up and the history being made. Fellow citizens of Dayton, Ohio, where the Wrights lived, even recall that it was considered polite not to mention flying when they met the Wrights, in case the young men should be embarrassed! A few newspapers stated that flights were reported, but obviously did not believe it. If all this seems fantastic today when we appreciate the significance of those first flights, we must remember that the mathematicians had "proved"

heavier-than-air flight was impossible. Even such a far-seeing man as H. G. Wells had written in

"Anticipations," published only two years before: "I do not think it at all probable that aeronautics will ever come into

play as a serious modification of transport and communication. . . . Few people, I fancy, who know the work of Langley, Lillenthal, Pilcher, Maxim and Chanute but will be inclined to believe that before the year A.D. 2000, and very probably before 1950, a successful aeroplane will have soared and come home, safe and sound."

In writing that, Mr. Wells considered he was being optimistic—and it is obvious from his phraseology that he was in advance of general expert opinion!

The Kitty Hawk remained untouched for twenty years, until the Wright brothers were world famous. Then it was taken out of storage, repaired, and sent to the South Kensington Museum.

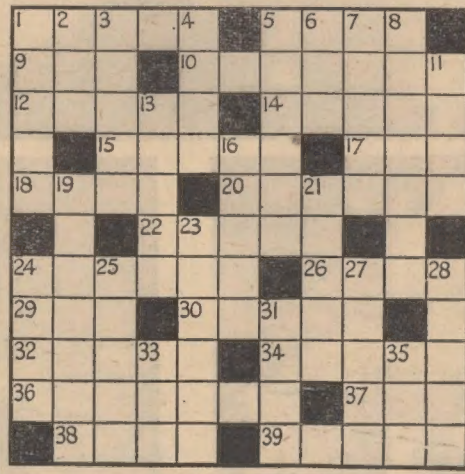
QUIZ for today

- 1. A kloof is a cloven hoof, deep valley, Dutch drink, paper fastener, iron heel for men's shoes?
- 2. What is known as the Devil's Prayer Book?
- 3. When was Primo Carnera World Champion?
- 4. What is a male rabbit called?
- 5. What animals, if any, have brains larger than a man's?
- 6. Which of the following is an intruder, and why? Can-

Answers to Quiz in No. 591

- 1. Skin coat.
- 2. Monogase.
- 3. Stokowski.
- 4. Ruth, Esther.
- 5. Captain Webb.
- 6. Lamp-post is a post stuck in the ground; others are lights.

CROSSWORD CORNER

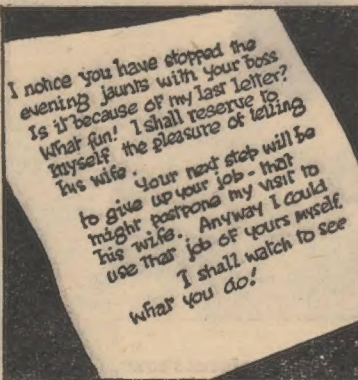
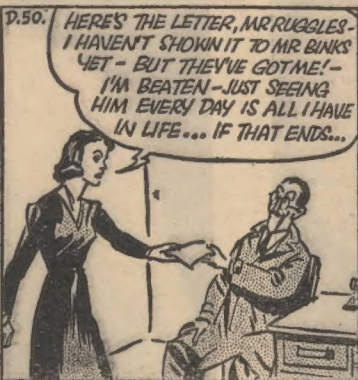
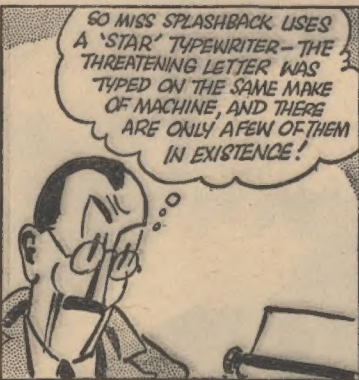


- CLUES ACROSS.
- 1 Find out.
 - 5 Plunders.
 - 9 Completely.
 - 10 Partly cover.
 - 12 Dark pigment.
 - 14 Calm.
 - 15 Treatment.
 - 17 Pronoun.
 - 18 Borders.
 - 20 Loud speaker.
 - 22 Lessen.
 - 24 Peeled off.
 - 26 Huge.
 - 29 Youngster.
 - 30 Sussex town.
 - 32 Directed.
 - 34 Occur.
 - 36 Seclusion.
 - 37 Proper.
 - 38 Stalk.
 - 39 Use up.

SCOTCH BALM
LOPE ACACIA
URANUS REND
GOLD TITTER
N ODES I A
MANNA LOCKS
I O LIEU R
SPOKEN THOS
HIDE SILENT
ALLEGH AREA
PEEP TAWDRY

- CLUES DOWN.
- 1 Sound of amusement.
 - 2 Tree.
 - 3 Blank book.
 - 4 Girl's name.
 - 5 Reproduce.
 - 6 Mineral.
 - 7 Strong gust.
 - 8 Bags of perfume.
 - 11 Earl.
 - 13 Attempt.
 - 16 Degree.
 - 19 Fingers of cake.
 - 21 At no time.
 - 23 Hag.
 - 24 Flutter.
 - 25 Own.
 - 27 Away.
 - 28 Rough cloth.
 - 31 Methods.
 - 33 Day before.
 - 35 Luminary.

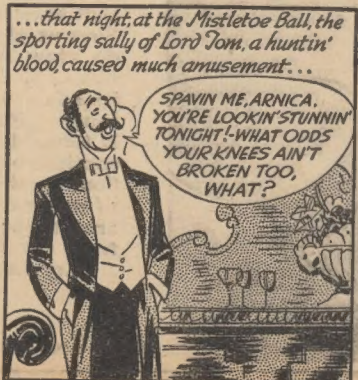
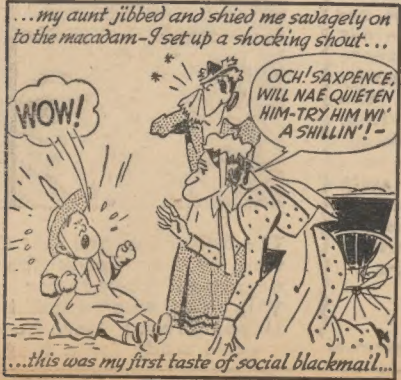
RUGGLES



GARTH



JUST JAKE



PHIZ QUIZ

He grew up to acquire a nice taste in cigars and oratory and globe-trotting — which was really very lucky for all of us.

(Answer to-morrow)

Answer to Phiz Quiz in No. 591: Jack Lovelock.

STARLIGHT

AS long as Jane Frazee and her sister were together, Jane was perfectly contented to be half of a harmonising team. It was her sister's marriage that launched Jane as a motion picture star.

The Frazee sisters began singing together when they were little girls, and when they graduated together with honours from high school they began to appear professionally. Taking to the road, they played the suburban theatres and restaurants until they thought they were ready to strike out for the big time in New York.

Unlike the magazine story heroines, the Frazee girls never starved for their art, because as soon as they arrived in the Big City they began to work. They sang in famous night clubs, and they were featured with a national radio show. They headlined in vaudeville. In short, the little girls from Duluth were a decided success.

They went to Hollywood in 1940 to sing at the Clover Club with Joe Lewis. That engagement was their last together, for Jane's sister Ruth had met and married a famous screen writer and retired as a career girl to become a housewife.

That marriage was the turning point in Jane's career, and she chose to try pictures instead of going back to the stage without her sister.

Robert North, Republic producer, gave Jane her first chance in movies when he saw her while he was hunting for a pretty girl who could sing and dance, for a part in "Melody and Moonlight." The picture started Jane on her screen career.

Dick Gordon

Good Morning

"Well, well, so you're tired, eh? Your feet hurt, and you won't dance any more, huh? You think you'll just take an easy? Up you get, baby! And show these fancy ballet dancers that there's life in your old dogs yet!"



Look carefully at this picture, for it is a record of great courage. The little girl who is bathing her dollie in the unorthodox manner is not showing-off for our photographer—she's blind. She's one of the blind kiddies being taught at the Sunshine Homes at East Grinstead to do things by touch.

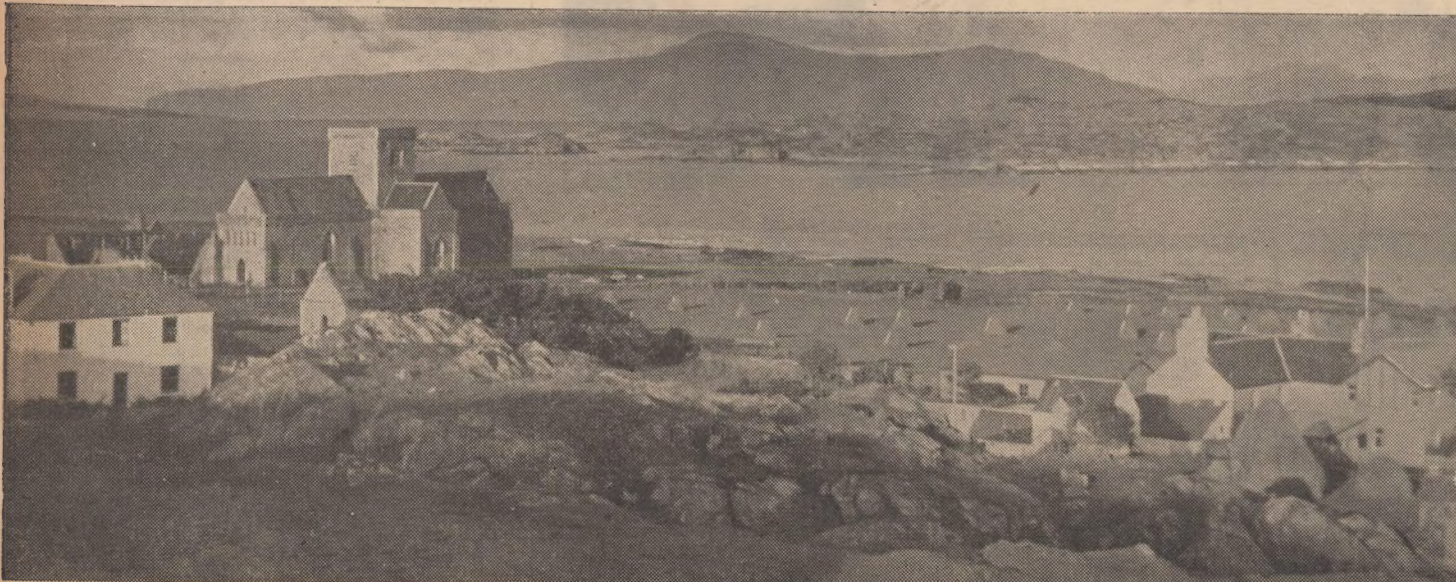


This is where Henry How, the cameraman, came all over artistic. Trick stuff, you'll please notice. Clever use of mirrors, and all that. Next thing you know, he'll be applying for a job on a high-class journal!

Henry's masterpieces show young ballet dancers practising at the Cone School in London. The popsy who is happily walking up the wall backwards is, Henry assures us, limbering—just limbering.



"Now, look what you've been and gone and done! That comes of turning your nose up at everything!" Jack, the Zoo's Stanley crane, finds things a bit difficult at meal-times since he injured his beak.



THE SCOTTISH ISLES

The cathedral that stands four square to all the winds that blow and, believe us, the winds do blow in these lovely, lonely islands of the Inner Hebrides, is Iona. It stands sentinel over Iona Sound, the strip of water that separates the island from the coast of Argyllshire.



The Editor insisted that Caption Writer Frank Martin deputised to-day for the Ship's Cat, who's expecting a Happy Event! Here he is—understudy for a mog!